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THE CONFERENCE WITH OMICHUND, THE NATIVE BANKER.

THE INDIAN NABOB: OR, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XI.—CALCUTTA, MORE THAN A HUNDRED
YEARS AGO.

BEFORE I proceed with my personal narrative, let
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me remind you, Archie, of the position of the mercantile community among whom my lot seemed to be permanently cast, and the somewhat peculiar nature of their business transactions. Do not fear that I shall be needlessly prolix. I will

not weary you with the oft-told history of the first establishment of friendly relations between British merchants and the rulers and people of India; nor of the rise and fluctuating fortunes of the East India Company in various parts of that vast country; nor of the foundation and progress of its power and interests in that particular province in which a large portion of my life was destined to be passed. All this is already sufficiently familiar to you. Nor will I be tempted to take you back to past histories of that fertile land, and to show how one race of conquerors after another had obtained domination there, until the naturally peaceful and submissive people had succumbed to the tyranny of Mahomedan rulers, by whom they were sorely oppressed; while, at the same time, the country was torn and distracted with feuds—the strong perpetually supplanting the weak by violent hand, and the weak resisting the strong by subtilty and craft; both weak and strong being almost alike harassed by constant incursions of barbarian marauders from the north, who acknowledged no law but their own power, and that the power of the sword.

It was to a land thus subject to convulsions, and where security to life and property was a blessing unknown to the hapless people, that merchants of many European countries had long resorted for honourable trade and lawful gain; for India, as you know, Archie, is rich in natural products. Thus Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English communities had been established on the coasts, and received such protection as could be given by the rulers of the land, who, though themselves probably despising the peaceful arts of commerce, were not blind to the advantages they should derive from this enterprising spirit in others.

You will probably remember my pointing out to you some passages in a work written by one of my contemporaries in the East, with which I have been much interested; and I cannot do better than furnish you with a short extract, which will explain the character of this commerce.

"The profits accruing to Europeans by their trade to Hindostan," writes this gentleman, "arise much more from the commodities which they purchase in that country, than from those which they send thither; and the most valuable part of the cargoes returned to Europe consists of silk and cotton manufactures, the weaver of which is an Indian, living and working with his wife and several children in a hut, which scarcely affords him shelter from the sun and rain. His natural indolence, however, is satisfied in procuring by his daily labour, his daily bread; and the dread of extortion or violence from the officers of the district to which he belongs, makes it prudence in him to appear, and to be, poor; so that the chapman who sets him to work finds him destitute of everything but his loom, and is therefore obliged to furnish him with money, generally half the value of the cloth he is to make, in order to purchase materials, and to subsist him until his work is finished. The merchant who employs a great number of weavers is marked by the higher officers of the government as a man who can afford to forfeit a part of his wealth, and is therefore obliged to pay for protection, the cost of which, and more, he lays upon the manufactures he has

to sell, of which, by a combination with other merchants, he always regulates the price according to the necessity of the purchaser to buy. Now, the navigation to India is so very expensive, that nothing can be more detrimental to this trade than long protraction of the voyage; and loss, instead of profit, would ensue, if ships were sent on the expectation of buying cargoes on their arrival; for, either they would not find these cargoes provided, and must wait for them at a great expense, or, if ready, would be obliged to purchase them too dearly. Hence has arisen the necessity of establishing factories in the country, that the agents may have time and opportunity to provide, before the arrival of the ships, the cargoes intended to be returned in them."*

This, in a few words, Archie, was the origin of the English Factory on the banks of the Hooghly; and you will be at no loss to perceive that, having large stores of valuable goods in their warehouses, it was incumbent on our merchants to take measures for the protection from violence or robbery, by surrounding the Factory with rude fortifications and employing a garrison for its defence;† while, by fair and honourable purchase, a portion of the surrounding country became their property, and was subject to their authority.

And thus, in time, had been gathered around the fortified factory an essentially peaceful, industrious, and prosperous community of English families connected with our company, and of natives who profited by their connection with the foreigners, and who enjoyed, in our small domain, the security which they would vainly have sought elsewhere. Many of these natives were employed in transacting the necessary business of the company, at a distance from the Factory, as brokers; others were messengers; others, peons, or armed servants; and still others, domestic servants, in the houses both of the wealthy natives and of the English.

I shall not prolong this necessary digression from my own history, except to remind you that another small factory of the English company of merchants had been established at Cossimbazar, a town on the Hooghly, more than a hundred miles higher up the country than Calcutta, and close to Moorshedabad, the capital of the Mahomedan sovereign of three large and fair provinces in the plains of India. Note this place on the map, Archie, for thither, before my memoirs are ended, the course of events will conduct us.

See me now at my desk, working at a profession which my early prejudices led me, in some men-

* Mr. Hector Dare quotes Mr. Orme in the above extract, whose work on India was published in 1776. Our readers need scarcely be told that during the eighty years which have intervened, the East India trade has undergone many modifications.

† Unhappily, it was needful to protect these European factories in India, not only from the violence of native marauders, but from the aggressions and attacks of rival companies of other European nations. The French and English companies, in particular, long kept up an arduous struggle; and, aided by their respective governments, carried on in that distant land the senseless animosities and destructive quarrels which, from time to time, agitated Europe. And as there was a French factory at Chandernagore on the Hooghly, not many miles distant from Fort William, the nucleus of Calcutta, and a Dutch factory at Chinsurah, on the same river, only two miles from Chandernagore, there might seem to be additional need that the English should place and keep their own in a state of defence.

sure at least, to look down upon with contempt. I was a mercantile clerk!

Happily, my "born blockheadism" had not prevented me from attaining the simple rudiments of school education; that is to say, I could write a tolerably fair and legible hand, and was not particularly slow or stupid in arithmetical accounts. Thus far all was well. But the monotony of the employment wearied me and weighed down my spirits; while the necessary restraint to which I was subjected, and the obedience exacted by superiors—whom I chose to consider haughty—were sufficiently galling to one who had been taught to look upon himself as equal in blood and birth to nobles, if not to princes. I can smile at this now, Archie, and expose its folly; but I had much to learn then.

My companions did not interest me; and I felt lonely. My friendship with Mason, indeed, had not cooled; but the different nature of our duties prevented very frequent intercourse. While he was comfortably smoking his hookah in his room, I was copying correspondence or posting books for my masters; and when I was released from my day's work, he was often engaged in the duties of the garrison, for which I was foolish enough to envy him. Even the occasional intercourse we maintained was soon, for a season, remitted; for the young officer was despatched on a secret mission to Cossimbazar, and some time passed ere we again met. Would that we had never met again! How often, Archie, in bitterness of soul, have I said this; but far oftener, and with how much greater reason, have I reproached myself for the fatal frailty with which I permitted a weak and foolish admiration for merely outward and showy qualities, to ripen into blind attachment to one who was—but I will not anticipate.

Cut off as I appeared to be from genial companionship, my recreations were mostly solitary. Chief among these was that of wandering from the Fort—sometimes along the banks of the river, and at others, beyond the precincts of the town into the surrounding country.

I scarcely need tell you, Archie, that the hour of sunset in the East is the most delicious hour in the day. The intense heat of the burning climate is then tempered by the evening breeze which usually springs up as the sun retires, and the inhabitants wake to renewed life and animation. It is then that the English population of the present day throng the broad drives in the neighbourhood of the city in gorgeous equipages; and at the time of which I am writing, such tokens of advancing prosperity and exhibitions of the luxuries of wealth and ease were not few.

I soon fell into the habit, then, of escaping from the confinement of the Fort, and the companionship of business associates, or the wretched accommodations of my room in the old "Writers' Buildings." There was nothing in the town itself that was particularly inviting. The bank of the Hooghly, it is true, was lined, on either side of the Fort, with large and handsome houses, built and inhabited by the chief among the English factors; and in the rear were several equally large and imposing habitations belonging to opulent baboos, or native merchants; but the native town consisted of thatched huts—some composed of

mud, and others of bamboo and mats, all uncouth and mean; the streets were dirty, narrow, and crooked, while a pestilential swamp, close at hand, filled the air with sickly exhalations. All this was greatly altered before I left India; and, as I understand, greater changes are yet in progress and in contemplation, so that, fifty years hence probably, if permitted to revisit the earth, an inhabitant of the Calcutta of a hundred years ago would gaze upon the modern city with no token of recognition.*

The town itself did not tempt me, then; neither had the parties of my own countrymen whom I encountered, more interest to me than the wretched-looking natives on whom I glanced in passing, as they performed their ablutions in the, to them, sacred river. It was the novelty of the country itself, the glory of its magnificent sunsets, and the strange but beautiful and luxuriant variety of its vegetation, which drew me as far as possible—farther, perhaps, than prudence would have dictated—from the haunts of men, that I might revel in these enjoyments alone.

It was not all enjoyment, however. Let me confess, Archie, that disappointment, chagrin, and, I fear, sullen anger, had as much to do with my lonely walks in shady groves, or by the rapid current of the Hooghly, as my innate love of nature, even in its most enchanting dress. Until my actual experience of the life I was appointed to lead, I had formed extravagant ideas of the land of golden dreams. I had not literally imagined, of course, that rupees, and mohurs, and diamonds, were to be had for the mere trouble of picking them up; but I certainly had believed that, in some extraordinary and dashing manner, I should begin, almost on the day of my stepping on shore, to accumulate the fortune which was to buy back my father's lost inheritance.

And now the dream was dispersed. Toilsome and ill-paid drudgery, through years and years of youth and energy, manhood and strength, was all that lay before me. "Fred was right," I said bitterly; "and I—if I had not been what they always told me I was—should not have been here!"

CHAPTER XII.

OMICHRUND.

BUT, being what I was, and believing that I was what I had always been said to be—I was in India; cast, like a worthless human weed, as I probably was also, on these distant shores, without a friend, almost without an acquaintance; "for Mason is gone; and as to the man whose life I saved, he has thought better of his promise, I suppose."

I was saying this, or something like this, to myself one evening, some two months after my landing, as I was hurrying impatiently through a little crowd of my fellow countrymen, in one of the avenues leading from the town, when a person

* Mr. Dare was a true prophet. There is nothing, or next to nothing, in the Calcutta of 1858 which bears even a remote likeness to the Calcutta of a hundred years ago. The old fort itself has long disappeared; and "the tract now covered by the palaces of Chowringhee, then contained only a few miserable huts thatched with straw. A jungle, abandoned to water-fowl and alligators, covered the site of the present citadel, and the Course, which is now daily crowded at sunset with the gayest equipages of Calcutta."—*Macaulay*.

on horseback passed me, followed by a syce, or native groom, also mounted.

It was Mr. Dalzell; and I moved quickly aside. "You did not look so grand and haughty when the shark was in full chase after you," I muttered to myself bitterly, in my then unhappy frame of mind; "but if you choose to forget me, you shall—"

I had not time to finish my soliloquy. The foremost horse had not passed me a dozen paces when it was wheeled round by its rider, who made directly up to me.

"Mr. Dare, this is fortunate. I was on my way to the Fort to find you. You can ride, I dare say." Before Mr. Dalzell had ended this short speech, he had taken me by the hand, and was shaking it heartily.

"You can ride? Of course you can. Do me the favour to mount my groom's horse. Haldhar—this to his groom—"you will dismount. Hold the stirrup for this young gentleman. So! We will turn our horses' heads eastward, and Haldhar will run by our side."

The accost was so sudden and unexpected, and the manner of Mr. Dalzell so kindly peremptory, that before I had time to reflect, I was firmly seated on the fine animal abandoned to me by the nimble groom.

"Yes, I was about to call on you," continued the gentleman; "but now, tell me—you were thinking of me, too, when we met, a minute ago?"

I looked at him with surprise, I suppose; and he smiled.

"I see, I see; though I am no conjuror, Mr. Dare: by the way, this is too formal; you have a more familiar name."

"Hector, sir."

"Thank you; I am no conjuror, Hector; but I have lived sixty years in the world, and can read countenances sometimes. I read in yours that you have thought me ungrateful."

"Not ungrateful, perhaps, sir," said I, stammering, "but—but—"

"But unthankful," he interposed. "It was natural; but let us say no more of this now. Look yonder at those glowing streaks in the sky. Have you ever seen anything like that in England?"

We were trotting our horses on the smooth and beaten road, the native groom keeping up by us with a quick springy step. Occasionally we encountered small parties of our countrymen, enjoying, like ourselves, the deliciously cooling evening breeze, and natives, by the road-side, whose light-coloured eastern costume contrasted not unpleasantly or inharmoniously with their dark skins; but presently the town and its inhabitants were left behind, while our gentle trot was exchanged for an equally quiet canter, Haldhar still keeping near to us.

My companion made no further allusion to the circumstances of our first acquaintance, but soon put me at ease in his society, by lightly introducing other topics of conversation. He had lived forty years in India; had been exposed to many dangers; had travelled to some distance, at various periods of his life, into the interior of the country; had witnessed many imposing spec-

tacles; had seen something of the half-barbaric court of more than one despot; and had watched and shared in the advancing prosperity of the English factory. With anecdotes derived from these sources, Mr. Dalzell beguiled and enlivened our evening ride, which extended to the famous Mahratta Ditch, and along its inner bounds.

It was at this time that I was first introduced to one whose name became afterwards associated with the public events I shall have to record. We had proceeded some distance along the road, which was lined with trees on either side, when a building, one story in height, and apparently covering an immense area, though half hidden by the luxuriant foliage of a large garden in which it was seated, attracted my attention.

"It is the house of Omichund, the rich native banker," said Mr. Dalzell, in reply to my question; "I have business with him, and we will take the liberty of intruding on his privacy;" and, giving his bridle to the attendant, Haldhar, he dismounted, and I followed his example, and entered with him into Omichund's garden, through a door in the low wall by which it was surrounded.

Already the short twilight of the East had begun to gather around, and the landscape was partially shrouded in gloom. I lost, therefore, at that time, some of the pleasure I should have enjoyed in the sight; for I was told by my conductor that the gardens were very lovely, and that the rich merchant expended immense sums in floriculture. I saw only, as we rapidly passed on, and threaded the broad serpentine walks, overhung with orange, pomegranate, and other fragrant trees, that the ground appeared to be laid out with extreme taste; while the air was almost overburdened with the mingled perfumes of ten thousand blossoms of shrubs and flowers around.

Hidden partly by the plantation surrounding it, and partly by the still increasing gloom, the house, or rather the palace of Omichund, did not appear before me in its full dimensions. It must have been large, however, since, as Mr. Dalzell informed me as we ascended by marble stairs the terrace on which it was built, his retinue included three hundred peons, besides the numerous train of servants of all grades, and of almost every Hindoo caste, employed in a large native household.

Committing himself to a peon, whom we encountered in the hall, Mr. Dalzell was conducted through numerous apartments to a large saloon, and introduced to a richly-dressed and exceedingly handsome native, whom I understood to be the jemadar, or commander of Omichund's armed retinue. By him, with unmoved gravity and in profound silence, we were again led apparently into the interior of the palace, and ushered into the presence of the great man himself. I know not how many scores of bronzed countenances and dark, glittering eyes, glanced at us in our way; but methought it was well that our mission was, as I trusted at least, of a peaceful nature; for in addition to dark faces and keen visions, every hand had within its reach a polished dagger; and probably I do no wrong to the hearts over which the daggers rested, if I think now, as I thought then, that there was the will as well as the skill to use them effectually at the command of a despotic master.

That master we found seated alone in a small and mean apartment, which presented a striking contrast to the magnificence of other and larger rooms through which we had been conducted. A massive silver lamp, hanging by chains of the same precious metal from the ceiling, was the only perceptible indication of wealth. This lamp was fed with pure and sweet-scented oil, and shed a bright radiance over the otherwise gloomy scene. The merchant was seated, in the oriental fashion, on cushions spread upon the bare floor; and before him was a low table, with implements of writing, and one or two books, probably of accounts. His dress was simple. A turban of twisted muslin encircled his brow, and a loose garment of white calico hung gracefully enough from his shoulders; but I had seen gayer looking natives in the Factory, who were probably not worth a pice; and in the presence of his handsome jemadar, Omichund looked insignificant enough, in costume at least, to be taken for a servant of servants.

Nor did the dignity of his countenance overbalance the meanness of his attire. Without being absolutely ugly, there was much which seemed to me sinister and forbidding in the glance of his inquisitive eye, and even in the smile which occasionally played on his thin lips. Apparently, Omichund was at that time approaching sixty years of age; and his forehead and cheeks were impressed with broad wrinkles, which told a history of the mental disquietude and anxiety which, as I have remarked, usually accompany an inordinate attachment to worldly wealth and its pursuit.

I had ample time to make these observations; for it was with great deliberation that the merchant invited us to be seated, and in his own Eastern manner; when this was accomplished, some little time elapsed before he opened any further intercourse with his visitors—his visitor I should rather say, since the conversation was carried on in Hindostanee, of which language I need scarcely say I was at that time profoundly ignorant; so that my part of the interview was limited to watching the various turns and expressions of countenance, and the gestures of the two interlocutors in this unknown tongue.

This study was not without its interest. It was instructive to compare the manly tone and bearing and straightforward look of the English gentleman, with the soft effeminate manners and downcast stealthy glances of the baboo. It seemed to me also, as the conversation advanced, that some difference or matter in dispute was discussed; for Mr. Dalzell's cheek became somewhat flushed; and, without losing respect for his host, he spoke with energy and decision. On the other hand, Omichund's dusky hue appeared to darken, his thin lips trembled, and his eyes more than once rolled and glittered fearfully and threateningly, as I fancied, while, at the same time, his voice lost none of its silken softness, and his gestures were humble, deprecatory, and even beseeching. Altogether, the result of my observation was unfavourable to the native merchant, who too much reminded me of the soft, purring, and graceful movements of a cat, ready to pounce upon an unwary hand placed within its reach, with sharp and treacherous talons. It might also be fancy; but, as seen by the subdued light of the silver lamp

over-head, I could but believe that I traced a resemblance of some sort, and in some degree, between the gentle Hindoo and the aforesaid animal, or rather its more dangerous congener, the crafty and cruel tiger of his native plains and jungles.

Apparently, however, Mr. Dalzell reposed full confidence in the merchant, in whose power, for the time, he certainly had placed himself; but I must confess that an uneasy sensation crept over me as the conference proceeded, not the less for the disagreeable smile which seemed always ready to the lips of Omichund; and it was with feelings of relief that I noticed the discussion gradually lost its disputatious character, and subsided into calm and languid compliments. Soon it drew to a close; and the sound of a gong, stricken by the merchant, summoned the jemadar again to the apartment; and by him—attended this time by a torch-bearer—we were ceremoniously conveyed through the rooms and corridors we had previously traversed, until we reached the broad terrace. In a few moments more we had regained our horses, remounted them, and were rapidly passing over the comparatively short distance between the house of Omichund and the English buildings of Calcutta; still accompanied by the patient and nimble Haldhar, whose footfall seemed to strike the earth without eliciting a sound, and lighted by the splendour of the moon, then almost at full, which had risen in our absence to replace the fiercer glory and brightness of the eastern sun.

REMINISCENCES OF IRELAND IN 1798.

PART II.

To return from my digression. I and my companion left the army, or rather the army left us, utterly destitute, and travelled on, not knowing whither to go or what road to take. At the close of the day, seeing an old cart-shed, we turned in for the night, and found it occupied by a woman with three little children. Her husband, she said, was a leading man in the rebellion, and the king's troops had burned her cottage down with all its contents. Destitute as she was, woman-like she took pity on us, and although we were English, she produced a small cask of biscuit, which had rolled off some baggage-wagon, and been found by her. This being the second day of our fasting, we most thankfully accepted her kind offer of a biscuit supper; and surely no London manufacturer ever made more delicious ones, as they appeared to us!

After feasting on this welcome fare, we made a bedstead of an old wheelless cart, and slept on it as soundly as the Lord Lieutenant could have done.

In the morning, after most heartily thanking the poor woman, and positively refusing to abstract any more from her little store of biscuit, having nothing but thanks to give her, we proceeded in the supposed direction for Dublin; but after two days' weary travelling, with scant food and rough shelter, we discovered that, instead of nearing Dublin, we had somehow been going westward, and had wandered across Queen's County to the borders of Galway, between Antrim and Clonfert. We had been, and still were,

entirely depending on that spirit of hospitality and kindness to strangers which so remarkably distinguishes the Irish people of all ranks. "They ministered to our wants," again and again, "out of their deep poverty;" for they not only supplied our need, but did it cheerfully, without the slightest prospect of any recompence.

Finding we were getting too far westward, we crossed part of the county of Roscommon, and at Drum, near Athlone, we held a cabinet council, calling in to our aid a very kindly old priest to advise us what we should do, or which way to proceed. He was a little, spare, venerable-looking old gentleman, upwards of sixty years of age, an Italian by birth, but he could speak English tolerably. Of the Bible he knew very little, having never read it, and only once seen a copy. Oh! how I wished I had mine to give him! He appeared very fond of his people, and they of him; and no wonder, for he was truly their pastor, and they had no one else to care for them. The parish he had charge of belonged to some Protestant dean, who resided entirely in Dublin, there being only three Protestants in the parish. Well, we consulted this priest; but we might as well have consulted one of the few sheep which yet remained on the hills, for he seemed to be quite a child in all practical matters; yet, perhaps, I ought not to say so, for he procured us some provision for our necessities, and most kindly proposed to accompany us a day's journey to the residence of a Protestant magistrate, near Ballimahon, County West Meath, and he did so. We parted from him most reluctantly. On quitting, he advised us to say nothing to the squire about travelling with a priest, as he was a terrible Orangeman, and was much disliked by the people for his alleged harshness and bigotry. This, however, we received "*cum grano*" from a Romish priest. We took leave of the old gentleman, to whom we were so much indebted, with sorrow at the intense darkness of his spiritual understanding; yet amidst this gloom he knew something of Christ, but had what I fear was a mere superstitious reverence for the name; at the mention of it, he would raise his little three-cornered hat. He saw through a glass very darkly.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable representation about this terrible Protestant squire, we felt a hope that his very party feelings would insure us hospitality and assistance to reach Dublin, so we made our way up to the house with a light step; but, alas! on arriving, we found that it had the appearance of having been sacked and deserted. We passed round it, and found that it was desolate. So we sat down on the steps, as desolate as the house, and not a word escaped either of us for some time: both of us were conscious that we had acted on the whole very foolishly, and that, by the exercise of a little more common sense, much of this wandering might have been avoided; but then I was only a little over eighteen years of age, while my companion was but twenty-two. The fact, however, was, that a spirit of adventure had seized on both of us, and guided or rather misguided us into our present difficulties.

On recovery from a long muse, a man in a decent frieze coat—and we had not seen a decent

one for many days—came suddenly upon us, and demanded what we wanted there. After some parley, he informed us that he was a servant of the family, and had been left behind to guard the house. We communicated to him our condition; and here the natural hospitality of the Irish character evinced itself, for he invited us to his apartment over the stables, and gave us food and shelter for the night, at the same time advising us not to attempt reaching Dublin direct, for all the high roads, he said, were in possession of either the rebels or the king's troops; but to make our way northwards, by which means we should avoid the danger of tumultuous bodies of the rebel populace.

In the morning, the man obtained for us some salted meat, cheese, and bread, for which he took our promise to pay about ten times its value to a relative of his on our reaching Dublin—a promise which we faithfully performed. These provisions, he declared that he had purchased for us; but where he could have purchased them was beyond our power to conceive. The probability was, that they formed part of what the rebels had left behind in the house; however, they were priceless to us, and we were very thankful. The man was a very shrewd fellow; and we took our leave of him with much less regret than we did with our kind friend the priest. On parting he gave us certain directions as to the way we were to take; but those directions proved to be entirely Irish—anything but practicable—since he quite forgot the bogs and rivers which lay in our prescribed route; we therefore soon got involved in fresh difficulties. We travelled on in a northerly direction, and in two days were in West Meath. Here we found the cottages few and far between; but when we did enter one, warm was the hospitality we experienced. Our store, however, proved most essential to us, and it kept pretty well, although the weather was hot.

We began now to feel some inconvenience respecting our clothes, which had become very queer. The feet of our stockings were quite gone; our boots were beginning to exhibit signs of no longer protecting our feet; and, what is singular, we had never been able to hear of a shoemaker—every one being his own cobbler; our shirts we had occasionally got washed, or we washed them ourselves; and as to shaving, that was a luxury we could not hope for, and we accordingly began to assume quite a venerable appearance from our length of beard.

At last we reached Ballinagore, where the servant of the squire had informed us we should be in a quiet land, and in a safe and easy path, within four days of our destination. When we arrived there, however, we found it to be more than one hundred Irish miles therefrom. After resting a day, and undergoing some little repairs, we proceeded on our weary journey with hope before us. On starting the third morning, we were happily overtaken by three baggage-wagons, returning to Dublin from Phillipstown Barracks. As they were stopping at a pond to water the horses, we took the opportunity of conversing with the sergeant, a kind-hearted Scotchman, and we succeeded in inducing him to allow us to ride in one of the wagons. In the evening he put us

down within a mile of the city; and after thanking him most heartily, we trudged merrily on, until we were stopped and detained more than an hour at the barriers, waiting for the decision of some authority to permit us to pass. At 9 P.M. we arrived at the "Brazen Head." How we enjoyed our hotel fare, those only can imagine who have for more than six weeks been deprived of any regular or proper food! How we enjoyed our hotel bed, those only can tell who have never seen sheet or blanket for the same period!

The following circumstance arose out of the foregoing adventures. In the summer of the year 1813, being at Ipswich, on my way to Yarmouth, I secured a place on the Yarmouth day coach, and took a seat behind. After we had travelled some miles, the countenance and expression of a very taciturn gentleman in a military cloak, who sat opposite to me, struck me forcibly as familiar. As I observed him closely, he evidently became annoyed; but my eyes somehow wandered instinctively to him. The coach stopped at Beccles for the passengers to take some refreshment, and we all got down; but he, like myself, declined to enter the house; so we both lounged in the street. His whole personal appearance deeply impressed me, and soon my recollection aided me in his recognition. Addressing him apologetically, I asked, "if I had the honour of addressing General —."

He replied, somewhat tartly, "No, sir; but I have observed that you have been unmistakably eyeing me;" and then, with a peculiar expression of manner which I perfectly recognised, he asked if I was going to any inn at Yarmouth.

I replied, "Yes, to the 'Angel.'"

"Then of course, sir, you can recommend it? If so, I too shall stop there."

I then commenced another apology for appearing to scrutinize his features so rudely, when he proposed that we should sup together and postpone any explanation till then. We proceeded the short remainder of our journey very pleasantly.

After supper the stranger commenced by observing: "You asked if my name was —. Allow me to ask why you put the question?"

I replied by narrating briefly my examination at Roscrea.

"Ah!" said he, "I do recollect something about two young Englishmen there; but I thought fifteen years had so altered my person that no one would now recognise me. Well, sir, my history is soon told. I surrendered, as you probably know, to the Marquis of Cornwallis, and I obtained a pardon upon certain conditions. I then assumed my wife's family name, and have ever since been employed by the government diplomatically;* and to-morrow early I embark in the king's cutter 'Fox' for Stockholm. Allow me to add that I did, on the occasion you have alluded to, deplore very sincerely my inability to render the assistance you needed; but I assure you it was not in my power."

I took a cordial leave of him the next morning on the jetty. So I parted with General — much more agreeably than I did at Roscrea.

* I suspected he was a king's messenger.

THE MICROSCOPE.

Most persons, I imagine, must have seen little children pick currants and citron out of a cake, and leave the bread part untouched. Even thus would it be with some of my gentle readers, perhaps, if I were not on my guard; but whoever eats of my cake, shall eat fairly. The observer who looks at a microscopic object through that magic tube, the microscope, for the first time, is so delighted, I may say enraptured, with the wonderful visions made evident, that he would like nothing better than for some one to take pen and pencil in hand, and, without prefacing one word about the nature of the microscope, begin to give pleasing illustrations. I don't approve of people picking currants and citron out of my cake in that way.

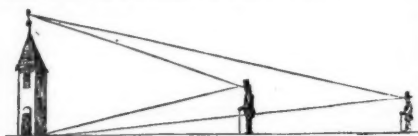
Some people I have met with are dreadfully shy of encountering a mathematical term, thinking it must be dry and difficult. Now I cannot stir one step in the way of teaching the nature of the microscope, until my readers apprehend the meaning of the proposition, "*that the apparent magnitude of bodies is proportionate to the size of the angle they subtend on the seeing part of the eye.*"

Ladies don't study Euclid, and I don't wish them; but I trust that many a lady will read what I am now writing. For their special aid, therefore, I beg to intimate that an angle is a corner. For example, the corner in the lower part of the letter V is an angle; and if the two legs of the V were to be extended ever so far, the angle would be none the bigger in a mathematical sense. When we speak of an angle being large or small, we do not mean that its legs are long or short, but that the corner is blunt or sharp. The sharper the corner, the smaller is the angle; the more blunt, the larger it is.

Follow me now to my Dutch clock: we shall find it useful. The hands of my clock are out of order, and if I do not tighten them on their pivots, they slip and move about in most eccentric fashion. Let us turn the eccentricity of my Dutch clock to account. Fixing the hour hand at XII, and removing the wedge by which it is tightened on the pivot, the obedient hand will stay pointing at XII, though I cause the minute-hand to move quite round the dial. Very well. Fancy now the circular part of the dial to be divided into 360 equal parts; then, if I point the minute-hand to seven minutes and a half past twelve, it will be evident, if you count, that the minute-hand proceeding from XII, will have traversed over 45 of the parts into which the circle is divided, and will be said to form an angle of 45 degrees with the hour-hand. If the minute-hand be pushed on to III, it will have passed over 90 of the equal parts or degrees, and will form the angle of which a square surface has four, and which mathematicians call a right angle. If I have occasion, then, hereafter to state that an angle is one of a certain number of degrees, you will know exactly what I mean.

Now imagine yourself standing with your face towards an object, say a tower, from the very highest and the very lowest part of which a thread proceeds, the two extremes of the thread meeting in one of your eyes: then it follows, that the

nearer you are to the object, the larger will the angle be which the threads make. A diagram will render this evident in a moment.



Now everybody knows that the farther a spectator removes from any object, the smaller does the object appear, until at last it ceases to be visible altogether; the fact being, that the unaided human eye cannot perceive an object under a smaller visual angle than three degrees. If, then, we could manage to convert a small visual angle into a large one, an object too far off, or too naturally small to be visible, might be rendered visible; for the reader will be good enough to understand that our assumed pieces of thread are tangible representatives of visual rays of light.

Certain glasses, I need not say, have the property of making objects appear large, whence they are called magnifying glasses; and, if what I have already stated be correct, their magnifying power is due to the property which they have of converting small visual angles into those which are larger. That is to say, they bend or refract the rays of light as represented in the following diagram, making them converge to a point sooner than they otherwise would.

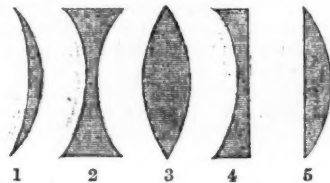


Observe, the piece of glass represented in my picture above, at *G*, is not flat; it bulges out on either side, and forms a thin edge all around. It is this peculiar conformation which gives it the magnifying power; why or wherefore would take me too far into the science of optics to describe just now; such, however, is the fact. It is possible, therefore, by means of glasses, to render large objects visible, which would otherwise be invisible because of their distance; and small things visible, which would be otherwise invisible on account of their smallness. Instruments of the former kind are called telescopes—of the latter kind, microscopes: both are instruments having the property of increasing the size of visual angles.

In combining different glasses, whether to form a telescope or a microscope, enormous difficulties had at first to be overcome—so great, indeed, that our illustrious philosopher, Newton, gave up the task in despair. Not only is much light sacrificed by passing through numerous glasses, and objects, though magnified, are rendered indistinct, except special care be taken; but the light which is transmitted does not appear of its true colour, except special provision be made for overcoming what is termed spherical observation. In the manufacture of telescopes, mirrors were for a long time employed, to a great extent, instead of glasses, for avoiding this defect, and mirror-microscopes

were indeed also made; but they so little answered the purpose intended, that philosophers abandoned them in favour of the single microscope, as it was called—an instrument consisting only of one single magnifying glass. All the wonderful discoveries of the early microscopists were effected by instruments of this kind, the triumph of modern microscopic matters being, that they have succeeded in combining various glasses, still preserving the true colours of the object viewed. Certain kinds of glass are false for one colour, and certain kinds for another. One kind of glass will disperse red light, another yellow, and a third blue light; but by combining all three kinds of glass together, the imperfections of each may be neutralised, and objects seen in their proper colours. To the ordinary observer, a piece of glass is a piece of glass, and nothing more; not so to the microscope-maker. To him the exact power of refraction or bending, which each piece of glass possesses for light of different colours, is of the utmost importance. Varieties of English glass answer well for some of the lenses entering into a microscope; but for a certain kind of glass, the microscope-maker has to send to Switzerland, our excise laws having, until a very recent period, retarded the necessary improvements. Since the excise restrictions have been taken away, some of our English glass-makers have turned their attention to the point of rendering our microscope artisans independent of Switzerland; but up to the present time Mr. Chance, of Birmingham, is the only manufacturer who has done much good in this way. Microscopic glasses, or lenses, are so troublesome to get into form, that though the material glass is cheap, the lenses become very expensive. Above all things, it is necessary that the original glass shall be the best of its kind. A common observer would not discriminate any difference between various samples; but the practised eye of the microscope-maker is quick at perceiving imperfections. He places each piece of glass on a little globule of mercury, and notices the appearance presented by the shining metal when viewed through it. If it be not distorted—if the light comes regularly through—the glass is presumed to be good; otherwise, it is rejected as unfit.

We have already seen that the sides of a magnifying glass bulge out. Different degrees of bulging are imparted, to suit the exact conditions aimed at, the bulging or convexity of some lenses being more considerable than of others. A lens, too, may be convex only on one side, and flat on the other; or it may be concave on one side, and convex on the other; or, lastly, some lenses are concave on one or both sides, in which case they do not magnify, but diminish the apparent size of objects. The following diagram represents profile views of different kinds of lenses:—



1. Meniscus, or concavo-convex; 2. Double-concave; 3. Double-convex; 4. Plano-concave; 5. Plano-convex.

In proportion as the natural refracting power of a transparent medium is greater, so may the artificial convexity of it, when made into a lens, be less; and in all cases it is desirable to lessen the thickness of the transparent lens medium to the greatest extent compatible with the desired result, in order to avoid unnecessary loss of light by transmission. This consideration has led to a strange expedient: small lenses, for microscopes, have actually been made, on some occasions, out of diamonds, or other transparent precious stones. Nothing answers so well as diamond microscope glasses (if the word be permissible); but there is a self-obvious objection to the common use of diamonds for this purpose.

Whatever be the glass or other transparent material employed, it is converted into a lens by a tedious and long-continued process of grinding. A cast-iron mould or matrix, of the shape coincident with the lens, being selected, the piece of glass is imbedded in pitch, and the grinding prosecuted. At first rough grinding-powders are used; then other powders, finer and finer; until it only remains to impart, by means of an impalpable powder, the last touch of polish.

In the early days of the microscope, when it represented objects under all sorts of gay colours, which did not appertain to them, and indistinct as to form, the instrument was a mere toy, altogether unadapted to the use of the philosopher. It is otherwise now. The revelations of the microscope, in making known to mortal eyes what a modern philosopher has called "the grand immensity of littleness," are only second in wonder, and not second in importance, to the revelations which the telescope has made in the spangled expanse of heaven. Things invisible to the unaided human eye, assume, when looked at through the magic tube, proportions of grandeur and finished perfection. Things which we crush like inanimate dust beneath our feet, are seen to palpitate with life, and to possess a delicate organization. In cases of wounds or accident, an animal sometimes dies from mere loss of blood. Therefore, what so probable, on the face of it, that the injection of more blood into the system would supply exactly what was wanted? The experiment was tried of injecting the blood of animals into the system of man; but it failed miserably—the patient expired in agonies. Why should this be? The microscope solves the mystery. Blood, when microscopically examined, is no longer seen to be a mere red fluid; it is found to be composed of red particles, falsely called *globules*, sometimes (they are really flat disks) varying in shape and size, for various animals. One would have expected to find the smallest animals possess the smallest blood discs; but really this is not so, the very smallest blood particles yet discovered being found in animals of the deer tribe. Well, now suppose the attempt were made to shoot a marble through a pen-blower, what think you would occur? Why, either the marble would not enter, or it would enter, and the pen-blower would be split open. In either case the intention would be frustrated. Can one doubt, then, that the most terrible conse-

quences should ensue from the endeavour to make large blood corpuscles pass through small vessels, or even the contrary? How could we have acquired suspicion of the fact, except through the microscope? Blood—taken from one animal of a species, and supplied to another of the same species—is perfectly effectual, and by this treatment are many human lives preserved. How beautiful is this teaching of the microscope!

Rust-stained iron, and blood-stained iron, will not present appearances appreciably different to the eye; but, what behests of unrequited justice, what awards of innocence or guilt, turn upon the distinction! The microscope comes to our aid. If the red stain be blood, the discs may be seen: if of rust, the absence of organization will be demonstrated. At Berlin, elegant ornaments are made out of a certain variety of cast iron obtained from a particular locality. The material from which the iron was extracted manifested no peculiar appearance to the naked eye; but Ehrenberg, the great German naturalist, was desirous of seeing how it looked under the microscope. He subjected it to examination, and found it to be made up of iron skeletons—skeletons of animalcules. Strange little things, their bones were of iron! What could have made this known but the microscope? Some time ago, certain individuals, feloniously inclined, turned out the gold dust which a certain barrel contained, and filled the latter with sand. A party concerned, however, objected to the exchange, and, rightly inferring that if he could discover where the sand got into the barrel, the gold must have got out, he put himself in communication with the microscopist Ehrenberg. This practised observer having submitted to scrutiny the sand prevalent at every station on the part of the line traversed by the barrel, soon traced it home by peculiarities of its appearance. This disclosure put the officers of justice on the right track, and eventually the thieves were captured.



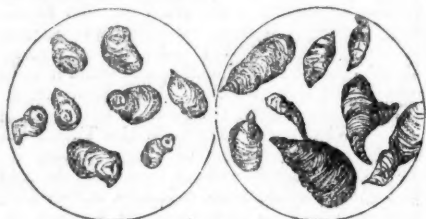
CHICORY.



COFFEE.

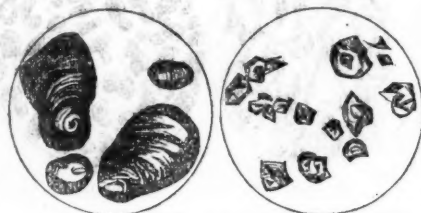
Well done, microscope! Not ten years since, a commission of chemists being examined by the government, relative to the possibility of discovering chicory when present in coffee, testified that it could not be discovered either by a chemical or any other method. It can now be discovered easily: they forgot the microscope. This beautiful instrument has become, in point of fact, a most powerful aid to analysis—not only microscopic analysis, properly so called, but also chemical analysis. It is a characteristic of chemistry, that what is true for large quantities is also true for small ones. If a mixture of so and so produce a

certain colour, when brought into contact, by the pint, or quart, or gallon, the same coloured result will be obtained in the smallest bulks imaginable—microscopic bulks even, if we have only the microscope to see them with. But the microscope has a specific field of analysis, one wholly its own—not beyond, but beside the field of chemistry. The microscope cannot, like chemistry, deal with things having neither shape nor dimensions, much less with things invisible; but whenever a body admits of being recognised by any quality of shape or organization, then there is no testimony like that of the microscope. A grain of chicory and a grain of coffee berry present the same appearance to the eye; but their organization is absolutely different, as may be seen by the foregoing diagrams. Give him time enough, and the microscope could separate the particles of chicory from those of coffee, one by one.



TWO VARIETIES OF ARROW-ROOT.

The different varieties of starch present beautiful objects of microscopic examination. Wheat starch, potato starch, and many other varieties of starch, are all to the chemist identical; but the invalid knows they have not all the same flavour, and the fraudulent adulterator mixes them. At his peril let him do this, I say; he cannot cheat the microscope. It so happens, that though starch be a powder to the naked eye, it is seen to be as much a collection of organized particles, when examined microscopically, as a heap of beans or pens are seen to be a collection of individual parts by our ordinary vision.



POTATO STARCH.

S. BNA ARROW-ROOT STARCH.

To an ordinary observation, the most wonderful microscopic revelations are those of insect organs, and the entire bodies of animalcules. The sting of a bee or of a wasp, when magnified, swells into a weapon of terrible defence. A needle-maker thought he had accomplished a great feat when, by aid of the machine which he used for perforating the eyes of his needles, he drilled an eye in the hair of a baby; but suppose the task had been set him of drilling a hole lengthways through the hair, making the hole terminate a little on one side near the point of the hair. Of this kind

do we find to be the construction of the sting of a wasp or of a bee, when microscopically examined. Its point is beautifully sharp and barbed; not the slightest irregularity can be perceived upon it, though a needle point, when viewed microscopically, presents the appearance of a piece of steel wire abruptly broken off.

But there would be no end to enumerating the wonders displayed by the microscope. The revelations of the instrument are useful, as we have seen, in the affairs of ordinary life; but the observer who only regards them in this sense, has only half profited by the task. The microscope teaches us that the perfection of beings and organisms is not in proportion to their size. However small the creatures of God may be, they are no less carefully made than a human being, and in some respects more elaborately. The common house-fly is no great pet; we worry and pursue her remorselessly; but the mechanism of a fly's foot, by which she is enabled to walk head downwards from the ceiling, is as far more elaborate and beautiful than anything a human mechanic can turn out, as one can well imagine; and the eye of a house-fly is a perfect microcosm of beauties. Wherever we turn our gaze, and regard the works of God, they all are perfect. Piercing by telescopic power the far-off regions of space, nebulae become stars, the latter suns, and the planetary orbs of our own system teach us how insignificant is our little "earth." In the grand immensity of heaven's orbs, all is perfect. Piercing, by the microscope, the gloom of forms departed to the naked eye, of things too small to see, a grand immensity of littleness is disclosed, where all, too, is perfect. "All things," it is evident, "are naked and open to Him with whom we have to do"—a solemn consideration for those who live in disobedience to his will.

THE SKETCHER IN LONDON.

THE COUNTY COURT.

WE are not ourselves given to litigation: a pretty long experience and observation of the miseries which mortals entail upon themselves in seeking redress for grievances at the hands of the law, convinced us years ago of the impolicy of the practice, and led us to adopt the conclusion that it is often better to submit to an attack on purse or pocket, where such submission entails no injury upon others, than it is to have recourse for compensation to a legal remedy. If this conclusion be a sound one, then there was worldly policy as well as divine wisdom in the admonition which tells us, if a man sue us for our coat, to let him have our cloak also. But, whatever be his opinions in this respect, a man need never say that he will keep out of a court of justice, since that is more than he can answer for; he may refrain from law as a prosecutor, and as a defendant he may let judgment go by default, as many worthy men in matters pecuniary invariably do; but still, he is liable to be a witness at some time or other, and in that case he must attend, *nolens volens*, under the instigation of a subpoena, and give his evidence when called upon.

It was in the capacity of a witness, under a subpoena, that we found ourselves the other day

detained beneath the roof of one of our suburban county courts for six long hours—a sad waste of time to a busy subject like us, yet not all wasted, if the following results of our observations prove acceptable to the reader, and help him to a little profitable speculation on the subject.

We found the court tolerably well filled, not only in the hall where justice is dispensed, but in the outer court or antechamber, where those who have no especial talent for silence are at liberty to exercise their tongues within the bounds of moderation. The assembly exhibited a very varied expression of countenance; but we imagined there was no great difficulty in distinguishing who were the plaintiffs or prosecutors, and who were the defendants; *this* class having generally a cowed and anxious aspect, wanting in the dignity of resignation, and *that* carrying a look as stern and uncompromising as could well be put on. A third class showed plainly, by the impatience stamped on every feature, and the ejaculations that escaped them from time to time, that they had little or no personal interest in the business in hand, and that nothing would please them so much as their instant dismissal. These were the witnesses in the several cases, who, like ourselves, had been dragged into the court against their wills. Some of them had cause enough for discontent; one had a sick-house at home; another said he had left his shop to a "stupid gowk of a boy;" a third had an invitation to a public breakfast, and was all ready, gloved and white-waistcoated for the ceremony; a fourth had a pic-nic party waiting for him at the Crystal Palace; and so on. Loud and not altogether unreasonable were their complaints, as they stood cooling their heels in the antechamber, rushing now and then into the hall to consult the clerk's list of cases, and to ascertain when their own would come on. Some, wiser than the rest, appeased their impatience by occupation; instead of fretting at the delay, they pull a book from the pocket and read, or, wanting a pocket volume, sit down quietly in the hall and watch the proceedings.

This latter example we follow ourselves, and have not long watched the business going forward before we become sufficiently interested in the various cases, and the celerity and discrimination with which they are settled, to find the spectacle by no means an unprofitable pastime. Most of the cases have arisen between parties in the lower and lower-middle ranks of life, and some of them afford curious illustrations of the singular notions which uneducated people, in a certain walk of life, entertain on the subject of debt and the obligation to discharge debts. The genus debtor would appear to be divided into a good many species: thus, there are those who would pay if they could, and those who will never pay any demand, however just, save under compulsion; and between these two extremes there are various phases of semi-honesty and prevarication; of shuffling and equivocating, and no small amount of low cunning called into play to stave off the day of account. Then, again, there are a number of delinquents, wanting in the organ of veneration, whose cases have been heard and settled and decided against them long ago, and who were ordered to pay at a specified time, but who have yet taken no notice

of the award of the court or the just claims of their creditors. These are now brought up for the last time, and receive the punishment of their contempt in a sentence of imprisonment for a longer or shorter term, proportioned to the amount of their unliquidated debt—a sentence which strikes some of them like a thunderbolt, but which they can escape even now, if they choose, by discharging the debt and costs; but which old offenders receive as a matter of course, and walk off, doggedly determined to wipe out the creditor's claim in the debtor's prison.

We shall record two or three of the cases of the morning, which may serve to show the kind of business peculiar to a county court, where justice is summarily administered, and may shed some light also on the erroneous estimate of what constitutes fair dealing, prevalent among a class of people not invariably of a low social grade, and who, though unreflecting and prejudiced, may on the whole be no less honest and conscientious than their wiser neighbours.

The first plaintiff is a "garret-master," who makes and travels his own goods, and who sues a suburban tradesman, keeping a respectable shop, for an amount due for goods delivered according to invoice. The tradesman does not deny the receipt of the goods, but alleges in defence that he has tendered payment, which the plaintiff has refused. It turns out that he has tendered only half the amount in cash, and the rest in goods sent in by the "garret-master" a year ago, and paid for then, with the understanding that if they were unsatisfactory they should be exchanged, but which, since then, have gone out of fashion and consequently declined in value. The judge orders payment of the full demand, on the ground of the goods being delivered in a satisfactory condition, which there is no attempt to disprove, and the injustice of returning them after they have declined in value in the trader's custody.

The next case is that of a poor artist, who sues a grocer for the value of his wife's portrait, painted to order. Payment is resisted on the plea that the picture is not a good likeness; and defendant has brought the canvas, and the lady too, into court, in order that "his worship" may judge of the resemblance, and decree accordingly. That is a function, however, which his worship declines, declaring, to the astonishment of the grocer, that the fact, or the accident, of likeness or no likeness is not the question to be decided. The real question is, Did defendant employ plaintiff to paint the picture? It was his business to know, before he employed him, whether the artist was competent or not. It was presumable that, for the sake of his own character, the painter would do his best; and, having performed his function, he must be paid.

The third case was that of an Irish labourer, who had been working for two days in clearing away the rubbish of a fallen house. The difficulty here was, that Paddy could not tell who had employed him, and on whom, therefore, he had a claim. He had summoned the foreman of the works for his two days' pay, but the foreman did not recollect him. The sum in dispute was but the veriest trifle, yet this case occupied more time than the former two, and was investigated with the

utmost care and deliberation by the judge. The man's identity being doubtful, the inquiry was adjourned until that could be proved, and in the interim several others were heard and decided. When, at a later hour, the case was resumed, all that could be elicited was the fact that the man had really done serviceable work, though he could produce no one who would own to setting him about it. If rigid law had been administered, poor Paddy would have got nothing; but the judge, appealing on his behalf to the defendants, a compromise was offered and accepted, and the poor fellow went away contented.

A pale and delicate-looking young woman, neatly dressed, now stepped up to the bar and was sworn. She had summoned a lady, of the pretentiously genteel class, for a considerable sum due to her for services rendered as a wet-nurse. It appeared that she had been engaged for a term of six months, but that, owing to the bad, meagre, and insufficient nourishment she had received in the house, while suckling the lady's child, her own health had given way; she had, according to the testimony of a medical man, been reduced almost to a condition of emaciation, and in that state had been dismissed, as no longer qualified for the post she held. Some benevolent persons had taken compassion on her widowhood and distress, and placed her under proper care. In the course of two months she recovered, and, by the advice of her benefactors, had thus sought redress in the county court. The defendants mustered strongly in opposition, and brought a whole boxful of witnesses; but they were not able to nullify the stubborn facts of the case, or to prove that a continuous course of red herrings for dinner, with a brewst of second-hand tea-leaves for breakfast and tea, were a proper diet for the foster-mother of their child. Apparently they thought to carry the day by sheer force of superexquisite gentility; but, for once at least, satin and diamonds, perfumes and crinoline, went to the wall, and the oppressed widow got the better of her persecutors. They were ordered to pay the full salary, up to the end of the term contracted for—a decision which drew down the unanimous cheers of the spectators, which the officers of the court strove for some time in vain to quell.

As if by way of contrast to the above, and to show the course of even-handed justice, the next case was that of a lodging-house keeper against her housemaid, who, in order to "better herself," had abruptly left her place without notice, and taken service with a neighbour at higher wages. The mistress had summoned the maid for a moderate sum, in compensation for loss and expense incurred by her sudden withdrawal. The judge, recognising the reasonableness of the amount, decreed payment by monthly instalments, or the alternative to the girl of returning to service, if her mistress chose to receive her, and remaining until the usual term of notice had expired.

A talkative Israelite is the plaintiff in the next case. He has summoned the keeper of an Italian warehouse for the price of a lot of pickles, delivered last winter. The shopkeeper will not pay, and alleges that the pickles are not in a condition for eating—that, in fact, they stink; and he has brought a big jar, that "his worship" may smell

them for his own satisfaction on that point. He whips off the cover of the jar, and tenders it to the judge; but the judge, in a most emphatic manner, declines the experiment, and will take the unsavoury fact for granted. He is there to decide by evidence, not by odour. Did the shopkeeper order the pickles to be prepared for him? or did he purchase them ready prepared? and under what circumstances or stipulations? It comes out, by a little cross-questioning, that neither buyer nor seller could tell how long the pickles had been in existence; that they were sold as a "job lot," at a low price, and were supposed by both parties to be in a saleable and eatable condition when the transaction took place. Under the circumstances the buyer, who looked for a large profit on the bargain, must incur the penalty which buyers always risk incurring in such cases.

Now there comes forward a livery-stable keeper, who claims compensation for a shattered gig, smashed by a kicking horse, to the tune of £4 10s. The defendant declines payment, on the ground that the horse, which was hired of the plaintiff with the gig, was a habitual kicker, addicted to that disagreeable and dangerous vice, and that the plaintiff, well knowing the fact, had refrained from informing him (the hirer) of the habits of the animal. These allegations of the defendant are all duly proved, not only by the verbal testimony of witnesses, but by the broken head and plastered face of one of them, who had been kicked out of the identical damaged vehicle, no farther back than ten days ago. It is in vain that a groom, in striped vest, assures "his honour" that "that 'ere hanimal is quiet in 'arness;" the facts are recalcitrant, and the plaintiff's suit is smashed by them as effectually as was his gig by the heels of "that 'ere hanimal."

A shoemaker, whose apprentice has absented himself from work, just as he ceased to spoil leather and began to be of use, sues the boy's father, who had sent him to sea, in compliance with his thoughtless desire, for the value of his services. The father has no notion of paying a stiver, and cannot see the justice of the demand. The judge, on the other hand, thinks the demand but too reasonable, and commends the moderation of the master in assessing so serious a loss at so light a sum. As the father is ignorantly a party to an offence which might have been made the subject of a criminal prosecution, he advises him to settle the matter without further parley; in consequence of which plaintiff and defendant pair off together, and we see no more of them.

A wild, harum-scarum looking boy, with a sturdy father at his back, is summoned by a smart little woman, who keeps a tobacconist's shop, for several pounds, the value of her plate-glass window, which the boy has been the occasion of breaking. The young fellow had wantonly pushed the head of a smaller boy through the pane, as he was looking at the queer things in the window. The fact cannot be denied, being witnessed not only by the plaintiff herself, but by others, standing by at the time; but the father refuses to pay, on the ground that it was not *his* boy's head that went through the glass, but the head of another boy. The obstinate man thinks that he has a point of law in his favour, and that he cannot be

legally compelled to pay for damages, of which another's child's head was the instrument; and in a conceited sort of way he intimates as much to the Court. There is a general low titter, and a subdued "oh!" among the audience; but the judge maintains his gravity, and asks the defendant whether, if his son were wilfully shot dead with a pistol, he would demand the vengeance of the law on the bullet, or on the murderer who fired the weapon. The man gets a new light from this hypothesis, and is evidently staggered; the conceit is effectually taken out of him, and he is dumb. Of course he has to pay, and retires as the order is pronounced, bearing off his mischievous urchin along with him.

Various other cases follow. Some of them are sufficiently painful, and serve sadly to illustrate the pitiful and piteous shifts and contrivances to which unfortunate and afflicted poverty is reduced, in the hard and bitter struggle for the barest means of shelter and subsistence. One poor man, disabled by a sad accident, is summoned for arrears of rent, at four shillings a week, and begs to pay by small instalments, at distant dates. He expects to be able to work in another fortnight, and then he will begin to pay up. Another has been out of work for three months, and, with an ailing wife and nearly all his goods at the pawnbroker's, can raise nothing for his landlord, who sues him for three months' rent. A third is a worn-out, fagging woman, with a young family and a worthless son, who has taken to evil courses, and robbed her. She would not be in arrears but for that, and she asks that time may be allowed her to retrieve her position and character. All these cases, and some far worse than these, are gone through with deliberate patience and attention, and one cannot help seeing that the award in all of them is not only just and fair, but merciful and considerate as well; that, in fact, there is a feeling heart beneath the imperturbable face of the judge; and that, if the claim of right is substantiated by his decrees, the claim of poor, honest, and unfriended poverty is not ignored or forgotten. Other cases there are of a widely different kind; of men who needlessly incur debts with no prospect of paying them; of drunkards, who squander at the gin-shop their creditors' money; of idle, loafing fellows who will not lift a finger to discharge their responsibilities; and of palpable knaves, expert in the arts by which they may be eluded. Such persons as these, at the hands of the county-court judge, invariably meet the reproof they merit. Indulgence to them would be but rank injustice to society, and we may all feel thankful that they don't get much of it.

The afternoon is far advanced, and the Court is breaking up, and the business on which we are summoned as witness has not been called on. We quit the building with the germs, at least, of some new ideas relative to this popular means of administering cheap justice in a summary way. Pondering what we have seen and heard, we are led to the conclusion that the county court is not merely an immense commercial convenience, but something, in addition, of far greater national weight and moment—that it is, in fact, a most practical and marvellously efficient school of

morals. It is probable that our legislators never intended or expected that it would prove anything of the kind; but it is so, nevertheless, or we are very much mistaken. If we are asked what it is that such a school teaches, we would reply, that it serves to popularise the principles of just and righteous dealing, and to carry them into operation among the poor and trading classes, by associating them with small things as well as great. In the county court we see that justice is dealt out not exclusively with reference to law, but with reference also to moral obligation, which in many cases the law cannot enforce. One of the consequences is, that abstract justice is oftener obtained, and the decision is less the subject of chance than it is in superior courts, where precedent is stronger than equity. It is true that, where there is no jury, the fiat of the judge appears despotic, and his authority may be abused; but, in truth, the judge of the county court has no possible motive to be unjust, and every motive to urge him to decisions in accordance with the rule of right. Since their establishment, the effect of these courts on public intercourse is shown in an educational way to be largely beneficial among the middle and lower-middle ranks, to whose circumstances they are mainly applicable. It is true of them, that they have not only diminished the amount of litigation, but have tended in no small degree to circulate wholesome and humane ideas on the subject not of justice alone, but of mercy, kindness, and forbearance between man and man.

THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA.

PART II.

THE territory of Liberia extends from the San Pedro river in the south, in latitude $4^{\circ} 41'$ north, and longitude $6^{\circ} 38'$ west, to the Sherbro river, which separates the island of Sherbro from the mainland, giving a coast line of five hundred miles in extent, and a breadth of country inland varying from forty to sixty miles. In consequence of the successful operations of the British cruisers, under Commanders Denman and Dunlop, R.N., who destroyed the stone barracoons at "Gallinas" and "New Sisters," that territory was added as a dependency of the colony. Captain Denman liberated thirteen thousand slaves, and Captain Dunlop twelve thousand more, who were added to the colonists; and the chiefs were thereby induced to incorporate their land with Liberia. The late Mr. Samuel Gurney of London, and C. M'Michen, Esq. of Cincinnati, raised the funds to carry this treaty into effect. Continual additions have been made to the colony, both of emigrants from the United States and of re-captured negroes from the slavers, by which the whole population, in 1853, amounted to upwards of 250,000, of whom between 10,000 and 11,000 were free men of colour from the United States. Of these, no less than 5000 were slaves emancipated by conscientious planters, for the express purpose of sending them to Liberia; and 1000 more consisted of negroes captured in slave ships, sent out by the American Government.

The original number of persons who founded the colony amounted to eighty-nine, of whom twenty were carried off by fever in a few weeks,

besides four of the principal promoters and a whole boat's crew. In consequence of this fatal sickness, the Government of Sierra Leone offered the survivors a home, until they had found a more healthy and eligible spot to which to remove the colony. Abandoning the Sherbro country, they explored the coast to the southward, and, coming to Cape Mesurado, endeavoured to treat with King Peter for the purchase of a portion of his territory; but at that time without success. This spot is the most eligible on the whole coast, and the English and French Governments had in vain endeavoured to get it into their possession for a colony. King Peter was largely concerned in the slave trade, and hated the whites for having abolished it. He refused even to see the agents, who proceeded along the coast sixty miles further, where they came to the Bassa river, and found the natives friendly. Under the auspices of a fine old Kroo-man, bearing the name of Bottled Beer, they got access to Jambo town, the capital of Grand Bassa, whose king, Jack Ben, ordered a palaver, at which they were favourably received upon the recommendation of their friend Bottled Beer.

Shortly afterwards, the agents made a fresh effort to obtain an interview with King Peter, who now agreed to see them in his capital in the interior. This dangerous mission was undertaken by two of the agents, Captain Stockton and Dr. Ayres, who described the interview in the following words:—

"Meanwhile large bodies of the natives began to darken around, but everything wore a peaceable aspect, until, on the entrance of a fresh band, an unusual excitement began to agitate the crowd. Captain Stockton arose and took a seat near the king. Presently, a mulatto rushed forward, and, doubling his fist, charged captain S. with capturing slave ships. 'This is the man who is trying to ruin our slave trade,' he cried. 'These are the people who are crawling at Sherbro,' shouted another. A horrid war-yell now broke out from the multitude; every one sprung from his seat, scowling vengeance upon the agents. Captain Stockton, fully conscious of the extreme peril of their position, instantly arose, and, drawing out one of his pistols, pointed it at the head of the king. King Peter flinched before the calm courage of the white man, and the barbarians fell flat on their faces at the apparent danger of their chief. The Captain then withdrew the pistol; their savage rage was now hushed, having been awed and subdued by the fearless energy of their visitor. Some crept away, whilst their chief began to listen with respect to their advances and proposals now made to him. Success crowned their efforts. After two or three palavers, the king consented to sell a tract of land to the colonists, and a deed, signed by six of the chiefs, was drawn up. On the 25th of April, 1822, the American flag was hoisted on Cape Mesurado."

Bassa Cove was obtained at a later period, and both that and Cape Mesurado form excellent harbours for shipping of all sizes. The latter is completely land-locked, except at the entrance, and has no bar, so that ships can enter at all times of the tide. Monrovia, the capital, is situated on an island at the mouth of this bay, and is the chief emporium of the trade of the colony. It contains

three hundred houses and two thousand inhabitants, and is perfectly healthy and free from any epidemic disease. A considerable export trade is carried on at both these ports, in palm oil, camwood, ivory, etc. The exports from Monrovia, in two years, amounted to £123,690.

Large accessions to the strength and security of the colony have accrued from the alliance with many of the native tribes, which has taken place in order to protect the latter from the slave traders. The number of these allies is estimated to amount to 230,000, and they form a compact barrier against the hostility of the more distant ones, whilst the moral influence of the colony is to them of the utmost importance.

A deputation from the colony then proceeded to Bo Poro, the capital of King Boatswain's dominions. On their entering the place, they found it densely populated, and with habitations very compact, thatched with palm and other leaves, and of different figures and sizes. The market-place presented a most busy spectacle, where five hundred women, and about half that number of men, of all the tribes far and near, were bargaining with all the zeal and shrewdness of more enlightened traders, for the abundant display of plantains, pumpkins, pine-apples, pepper, pea-nuts, etc., as well as monkeys, rats, and grubs, which latter are well suited to the dainty appetites of the townspeople. Our hungry travellers selected a tempting breakfast of pine-apples, bananas, cassada, etc., for which they paid a leaf and a half of tobacco.

At Bassa Cove, where a second colony, consisting of one hundred and twenty-six persons, sent out in 1835 by the Pennsylvanian Young Men's Colonization Society, is established, there are several enterprising merchants, who carry on an extensive and lucrative trade in palm oil, ivory, gold-dust, dye-woods, pepper, ginger, coffee, cotton, etc. The quality of the two latter articles is particularly good; and it appears that Liberia is likely to furnish the British market with increasing quantities of cotton of a very beautiful staple; several wealthy colonists having embarked in its cultivation on an extensive scale, in connection with British capitalists, with every prospect of success.

This colony was attacked by the natives soon after their arrival, and twenty of their number were murdered, the rest being obliged to fly for their lives. At a subsequent period, King Joe, who had headed the attack, sent a message to the colonists to come back again, and bring "God's book" with them, promising that he would settle on them any quantity of land they desired.

There are already seven or eight considerable trading establishments at Bassa Cove, and a great impulse has been given to the production of cotton, coffee, sugar, and palm oil, by the efforts of an English Company, which has planted a cotton farm of sixty acres, and, with a confidence of success, intend to double the quantity as well as the amount of capital.

Farming is rather an amusement than a labour, in Liberia. Such is the fertility of the soil, and the forcing character of the climate, that a small piece of land, well cultivated, will produce enough of the necessities of life to subsist a family for many successive years, without the trouble and expense of manuring. It is estimated that there

is enough good land belonging to the colony to supply every coloured person in the United States with two acres each, whilst the trade with the natives would enable them to procure the productions of Europe and America, which they receive in barter for the produce of the country. These consist of indigo, caoutchouc, cocoa, pimento, figs, bananas, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, castor-nuts, yams, plantains, potatoes, olives, tamarinds, lemons, oranges, limes, gold-dust, ivory, gums, pepper, ginger, arrow-root, ground-nuts, cam-wood, red-wood, bar-wood, dye-woods, oak, mahogany, teak, gambia-wood, etc., etc.

The climate of Liberia is, on the whole, well adapted to the constitution of the negro, who can, without injury, sustain a higher temperature than the natives of a colder climate. The natives make no other division of the year than that of the rainy and the dry seasons. The former commences with May, and continues for six months, though not without intermission; and, at the same time, rain falls more or less in every month of the year. The whites, however, especially the old and the young, suffer from the change of climate, from a lower temperature than that of the tropics, and, until they become acclimated, are continually liable to febrile diseases, unless great attention is paid to diet, and especially abstinence from ardent spirits, indulgence in which is almost certain to be attended with fatal effects. So much alive are the colonists to this, that all new settlers are compelled to subscribe an engagement to maintain three propositions, two of which involve entire abstinence from ardent spirits, and also from trading in ardent spirits and materials of war. The government, however, has much difficulty in strictly enforcing the observance of these wise regulations, the good policy of which must be apparent to every reflecting mind, both in relation to the health, the peace, and the general well-being of the community.

The advantages of combined efforts in commercial affairs have not been lost sight of by the Liberians. Two trading companies have been formed; and both these and the private merchants are extending their operations with the growth of their capital. Sawmills, oilmills, and cotton and coffee farms, are in full operation; whilst a line of steamers between England and Liberia brings them into constant contact with the civilization of Europe, which gladly takes off the whole of their free labour produce, in exchange for manufactures. Ship-building has commenced; and, in a recent publication, we find an account of the "launch of the Honourable B. D. Walker's new and elegant vessel, 'T. L. Randall,' of thirty-five tons, the largest and finest ever built in Liberia." Mr. Walker is an enterprising and successful negro, and affords a fresh example that there is a spot in the world where no invidious distinction of race or colour can prevent a man from exercising his talents, or reaping the full reward of his energetic efforts in the acquisition of wealth and honour.

With regard to the moral and religious state of the colony, it would appear that great attention is paid to the instruction of the rising generation, whilst ample provision is made for the services of religion for the whole population. Every child in the colony receives an education; and a Sabbath school

is attached to every place of worship. Lieutenant Lynch, of the United States, after a recent visit, thus speaks of Monrovia:—"There are five churches, all well attended. Indeed, I never saw a more thorough church-going community, or heard a greater rustling of silks, on the dispersion of a congregation, than here. All were, at least, sufficiently attired, and the dresses of the children were in better taste than those of their mothers. One of the most gratifying things I noticed was the great number of well-dressed and well-behaved children in the schools and about the streets. The schools are also numerous and well-attended. . . . I must say that the town presented a far more prosperous appearance than I had been led to anticipate. From its fine situation it must evidently be a salubrious one. The sea breezes, at all seasons, blow directly over it; and, in this respect, it is far preferable to Sierra Leone."

Perhaps, however, an extract from the address of President Roberts, to the members of the Senate and House of Representatives of Liberia, at the opening of the session of 1854, will give the best idea of the tone of religious feeling of the population at large. "Every revolving year," said the president, "brings with it cause of congratulation and thankfulness to God, that the great work in which we are engaged, of rearing up, on these barbarous shores, a Christian state, is onward in its march, by gradually developing its practicability and excellence. . . . But, above all, God has been pleased to bless the people with a gracious visitation of his churches, inspiring them with a spirit of pure and undefiled religion, thereby wonderfully extending the inestimable benefits of Christianity amongst the idolatrous tribes of this land, and dispelling the gloom of moral night which has so long overshadowed them."

THE OFFER OF MERCY.

SEEK, with supreme earnestness, a personal interest in the redemption of Christ. The work of Jesus, when cordially embraced, confers justification from guilt, and secures the salvation of the soul: but remember, it is the *only* provision of mercy, and to reject it is to perish. It is no matter of indifference whether you rest on the crucified Redeemer or not: "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts iv. 12. The plain and solemn truth must be told, that if you flee not, as repenting sinners, to the atonement, and commit your immortal interests to the charge of him who offered it, you will have to answer the demands of the Divine justice yourselves, and on your own heads to sustain the inflictions of his wrath. And say, are you able to endure the visitations of the Omnipotent, when he shall arise to adjudge and to repay? Can you stand before his indignation? Can you abide in the fierceness of his anger? Can you dwell with the everlasting burnings? Sinner! trifle not with thine endangered but deathless spirit: be reckless, be rebellious no longer. Behold the Lamb of God! Look to him whom thou hast pierced, and mourn; let his sacrifice be the object of thy grateful repose; and thus, "being justified by faith, thou shalt have peace with God," and be made "heirs according to the hope of eternal life," Rom. v. 1; Tit. iii. 7.—Parsons.

Varieties.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH AND THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL.—For some time the field electric telegraph had been in operation under Lieutenant Stopford. It was worked by several sappers, Sergeant Anderson being the chief executive non-commissioned officer. By the 8th of April, lines of communication were open to the stations of divisions, to the trenches, and to head-quarters. That night the wire was laid to a cave near the first parallel on the right attack. It was no sooner completed than the sergeant received an order from Lieutenant Stopford to fix an instrument and battery in the cave, to obtain two orderlies from the covering party in the trenches, and apprise head-quarters as soon as the service was accomplished. This done, Anderson was directed to remain and work the instrument. Pleased with this, the first appointment to the station—a dismally picturesque spot it was—he sent and received several messages. Among the latter was one to the general in command of the trenches, “to open fire from every gun at daylight.” The bombardment commenced at daybreak, but in the midst of the din, at ten o’clock in the morning, an orderly, in breathless haste, delivered a note to the sergeant, announcing the rather startling news that no communication could be sent to him from head-quarters, as it was supposed the wire was cut. He was therefore directed to examine and repair it. With some of the party, off he started, in a drenching rain, driving through sheets of water and swamp, and sinking at every step midleg in mud. He did not require to use the galvanometer to test the wire, for, bounding over the 21-gun battery, he soon found the spot where the current was interrupted. It was in the Woronzoff ravine, near the road, and in rear of the battery. A Russian 68-pounder had cut the line and laid about five feet of it bare. The duty was not devoid of danger. Shells burst around and shots flew by, but none of the manipulators were hurt. Removing the damaged wire, the sergeant replaced it with an approved piece, securing the connection by two joints, and, after covering it with gutta percha, relaid it in the furrow. It was a delicate operation to be performed under fire, and required a cool head and a steady hand to effect it. On returning to the cave, his situation was extremely disagreeable. Driven by a cutting wind, the rain beat into the chamber, and battered against the faces of the operators. At whatever cost, the sergeant was determined to maintain the instrument in working order, and, accordingly, without any consideration for his own comfort, took off his mackintosh, and with it hooded the instrument which was yet to carry out important correspondences. There was no rest in the cave: the mind was anxious, the eye on the stretch; and in that miserable hole, for more than thirty hours, the sergeant was at his post. When relieved, he again passed along the communication to mend it, if necessary; but in all parts it was efficient, although he found six shot holes and several cannon balls lying on the line.—*Conolly's "History of the Royal Sappers and Miners."*

MARRIAGE STATISTICS.—It is a remarkable fact that, exclusive of the metropolitan cities in England and France, nearly the same proportion, 34 in every 100, of the men who marry do not write their names in signing the marriage register; the exact proportion of the ignorant men in France is 33.70; in England it is rather more, or 33.93 in 100. The French women are even less versed in writing than English women; for of French women 55 in 100 did not write their names; of English women 48 did not write their names, but made their marks. But the proportions are deplorably high, and show how much has to be done to convey the first rudiments of instruction to the great body of the people in two of the most enlightened nations of the world. As the returns for France, through some accident, do not include the facts for Paris in the department of the Seine, I have excluded the marriages in London from the English returns, as in the capitals the numbers who can write are disproportionately great. The temporary decrease of the population of France has naturally attracted attention, as it has occurred for the first time, M. Leygot states, in the last fifty-four years. In considering its causes, the diminishing number of births, to which I

have before adverted in my reports, has attracted attention, and given rise to controversy. It is, undoubtedly, a remarkable fact, that while the births in England go on rapidly increasing, the births of French children are not increasing, but are actually decreasing; 981,614 children were annually born (alive) in France on an average in the five years 1824-8, and 957,894 annually on an average in the years 1850-4. In 1854 the births were 923,461 out of a population of 36,165,682 in France, and 634,405 out of 18,618,760 in England and Wales. Thus, in France, to 1000 of the population, 26 children were born; in England and Wales the same population gave birth to 34 children in the year 1854.—*The Registrar-General's Returns.*

STREET INDUSTRY OF LONDON.—The number of costermongers—that is to say, of those street-sellers attending the London “green” and “fish” markets—appears to be, from the best data at my command, now 30,000 men, women, and children. But great as is this number, still the costermongers are only a portion of the street-folk. Besides these, there are many other large classes obtaining their livelihood in the streets. The street musicians, for instance, are said to number 1000, and the old clothesmen the same. There are supposed to be at the least 500 sellers of water-cresses; 200 coffee-stalls; 300 cats'-meat men; 250 ballad-singers; 200 play-bill sellers; from 800 to 1000 bone grubbers and mud-larks; 1000 crossing-sweepers; another thousand chimney sweeps; and the same number of turncocks and lamp-lighters—all of whom, together with the street-performers and showmen, tinkers, chair, umbrella, and clock-menders, sellers of bonnet boxes, toys, stationery, songs, last dying speeches, tubs, pails, mats, crockery, blacking, lucifers, corn-salves, clothes-pegs, brooms, sweetmeats, razors, dog-collars, dogs, birds, coals, sand—scavengers, dustmen, and others—make up, it may be fairly assumed, full 30,000 adults; so that, reckoning men, women, and children, we may truly say that there are upwards of 50,000 individuals, or about a fortieth part of the entire population of the metropolis, getting their living in the streets.—*Mayhew's "London Labour and London Poor."*

A MOHAMMEDAN IN LONDON.—The first Englishwoman he saw in England appeared to him “of dazzling beauty.” He comes to London and observes: “Palaces of nobles and dukes are distinguished by their large porticoes and superior construction. In one of them I saw two well-dressed men with ashes sprinkled over their heads; and thereby concluding that some death might have occurred in the house, I told Mr. Scott, who sat by me, that a mournful event might have been the cause of the dust on their heads; but the young man laughed at my beard, and said it was the old custom, still preserved by some, of powdering their hair. Upon the whole, one might imagine that this vast city, whose population is no less than twenty lakhs of inhabitants, contained the riches of the whole world.”—*Autobiography of Lutfullah.*

BE TRUTHFUL WITH CHILDREN.—Some people tell lies to children with the view of enjoying a laugh at their credulity. This is to make a mock at sin, and they are fools who do it. The tendency in a child to believe whatever it is told, is of God for good. It is lovely. It seems a shadow of primeval innocence glancing by. We should reverence a child's simplicity. Touch it only with truth. Be not the first to quench that lovely trustfulness by lies.—*Laws from Heaven for Life on Earth.*

THE CARRION CROW.—A crow has been seen to pounce upon a young duck in a pond and carry it off in his bill. In this case the assassin did not drop the duck in order to kill it, but laid it on the ground, and then walked backward and forward and trod upon it till it was dead. The crow then carried it off to his nest. We saw one spear a young duck on dry land with his beak and fly off with it; but, alarmed by our shout, he dropped his prey, which was dead, and with an unmistakable hole in its side about the region of the heart.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THEY who pray constantly when they are well, may pray comfortably when they are sick.